

loving words, and hearty good-fellowship; or in books, in which he finds salutations and messages from the noblest of mankind; or in nature, where the glitter of a star, or the tiny fold of a leaf, may give him keen delight and summon him to talk apart with God.—*Youth's Companion*.

KEEP YOUR DOORS LOCKED.

Every man's house is his castle, but that his castle is not always secure from invasion, particularly when designing persons know that the man is away and the defenses consequently weakened, was experienced by Rev. J. H. Knepper last Friday evening. Living on the outskirts of town, it was carelessness on the part of Mrs. K., in the absence of Rev. K., who was holding meeting at Summit Mills, to neglect to lock the doors and consequently she deserves all she got. Seated in her room in the early evening in fancied security she was startled by hearing stealthy approaches, but before she could decide on means of defense or make her escape, the doors were simultaneously burst open and she found herself surrounded.

Mrs. K., may have cried out "Lord protect me from my friends, etc.," but her prayer availed her nothing. On they came from Stonycreek, Shmolsdaul, Allegheny, Berlin and elsewhere, until the house was full of those who came laden with some of the munitions of war, so necessary to keep the wolf from the door, and the rooms were so filled with big bundles and little bundles, and bags and packages innumerable, that Mrs. K's., always trim house looked like a commissary department receiving supplies for an army. Besides these things, Mr. K., on his return home, discovered about 20 bushels of oats in his barn that were not there when he left.

As a rule we are up in arms when we hear of people's homes being invaded, but in Rev. Knepper's instance we say "Serves 'em right," for their carelessness; they deserved all they got, and we wouldn't pity them had there been twice as much shoved on them.—*Berlin Record*.

The best fortune that you can leave to your children is the heritage of an unspotted life.

A GREAT MAN'S GREATEST THOUGHT.

At a dinner at the Astor House, when Daniel Webster was Secretary of State under President Fillmore, after a period of silence which fell upon the company of some twenty gentleman who were present, one of the guests said:

"Mr. Webster, will you tell us what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind?"

Mr. Webster slowly passed his hand over his forehead, and in a low tone, inquired of the one near him: "Is there anyone here who does not know me?"

"No; all are your friends."

"The most important thought that ever occupied my mind," said Mr. Webster, "was that of my individual responsibility to God." And after speaking on this subject in the most solemn strain for about twenty minutes, he silently rose from the table and retired to his room.

This incident, related by Harvy in his "Reminiscences," serves to illustrate the attitude of great minds toward eternal things. Great men are not scoffers. The men of flippant jeers and godless jests are men of small caliber and shallow intellect. It is not the wise man who has "said in his heart, there is no God."

SURPRISE THEIR PASTOR.

The Rev. E. E. Haskins, pastor of the Somerset Street Brethren church was very agreeably surprised last evening. At the close of the services which he is conducting, he was hurried to his home on Somerset street, where most of the members of his congregation as well as their friends followed.

When they arrived at the door the Rev. Haskins was found partaking of a bowl of bread and milk, but without any ceremony the crowd pushed their way inside, every one carrying provisions or some article of value.

There were fully 100 persons present. After all had entered the house John E. Strayer was called upon to make known to the Rev. Haskins the object of the gathering, which he did in a few brief remarks. After assuring the pastor that his members had tendered their offerings with the heartiest good will, he presented the Rev. Haskins

with an envelope containing receipts for a new overcoat, suit of clothes and a lot of carpet.

In response the Rev. Haskins declared he was completely surprised, but he managed to return his sincere thanks for this evidence of good will on the part of his congregation. The offerings were then brought in and in addition to the overcoat, clothes and carpet, which were the result of a general contribution, scores of baskets well laden with provisions were piled upon the table and upon the floor.

Congratulations were extended and a song service enjoyed. In addition the Rev. M. L. Weaver, who was present, made a few remarks and after a prayer and a short talk by the Rev. Haskins the crowd dispersed feeling that the occasion was a pleasant one to all.—*Johnstown Democrat*.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

Last winter a little boy of eight years begged a lady to allow him to clear away the snow from her steps and walk. He had neither father nor mother, and was anxious to secure any job of work which he could do.

"Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy, "but often I get very little."

"And are you not afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The little fellow looked up with a puzzled expression on his face, as if uncertain of her meaning, and was troubled with a new doubt.

"Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him and does the best he can?"

Brave little fellow! May he never have his faith in God shaken. God promises his care to those who trust him and serve him.

Says the *United Presbyterian*: "The best families, the most useful families and the happiest families in every congregation are those in which family worship is regularly maintained, the church paper taken and carefully read and the work of the church often talked about." Every experienced pastor will say "Amen" to that.